



Winged

fantasy

👁 44 ✓ 2 ★ 6

Chapter 1 by VDB_UNO

"Augh!" I scream in agony.

The wings are hideous. They were black as a raven's and huge as well. I am abhorred by the sight of them. They poke out of my back like giant black feathered sails. Why, oh, why had I listened to her? That hag! She tricked me!

She had said she would make me the most beautiful woman on earth! *"Lynn, you are destined for greatness." She said. She gave me a brew that was the color of the darkest night. I drank it. Then doubled over in pain and blacked out.*

I stumble out of my bedroom in a daze. People scream as they saw me pass. I don't care. All I do care about was getting out of here, maybe even ending my agony, myself. I couldn't care less about anything... or anyone.

I make my way to the highest tower, determined to throw myself off the roof. My betrothed and beloved, Santiago, walks behind me trying to reason with me.

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He doesn't answer so I plow up the stairs to the peak of the tower. I enter the room and take a deep breath, determined to end my misery. I walk calmly towards the window. I open the window and breathe in the sea air.

I'll miss that sight and smell, I think.

But my mind is made up. I will leap.

I leap.

Chapter 2 by carley



As I ran to the top of the tower, I hear a voice. It's Santiago. He is calling after me again. I can not listen to him. The wings are awful. How am I supposed to be thankful for this kind of gift, how?

Chapter 3 by Fiernen



I leap, plummeting towards the ground. Santiago screams after me, despairing. The wind catches the hideous wings and they fly out to either side of me.

Suddenly I'm not falling. I'm floating in the air, held up by a steady breeze that fills them like great black sails. I feel a strange sensation.

The wings that had felt like huge, heavy, ugly black monsters clinging to my back seem to change. The light of the sun shines on them. They suddenly don't look as black as death anymore. A shining blue tint glimmers across the glossy feathers. They feel light, strong, and *right* there on my back.

I hesitantly try flapping them. After a few sputtering attempts that make me fall like a rock, my new wings start to flap. I rise high, high in the sky. I laugh out of pure exhilaration. The old witch had been right about one thing! Right this moment, I feel that I truly am destined for greatness.

And just now, I feel like I am the most beautiful thing in the world.

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I turn around in the air and
at me with bulging eyes, his

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hanging out of it, staring

I fly back to the window and land, much as I wish to continue to fly. The wings feel heavy again and they don't glimmer like they do in the sun, but now I do not hate them.

I love them.

Santiago continues to gape at me.

"Close your mouth, Santiago. You look ridiculous." I say lightly. My heart is hammering with the shock and excitement of what just happened. But I pretend that it doesn't bother me.

I brush past Santiago and walk calmly down the stairs. Once I'm sure that he won't see or hear me, I break into a run. I sprint down the stairs, my wings extended instinctively for balance.

After rushing through the castle, I reach the front doors. I burst through them and launch myself into the sky. My wings need to fly. I need to touch the sky and discover who I really am.

I have been flying for a couple of minutes. I turn to look over the horizon, and see a huge golden shape speeding towards me through the sky. I realize what it is, and gasp.

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